

Mrs. Popperman Regales Her Husband with Comparisons.

"My dear," said Mrs. Popperman to her husband last evening, "I was looking over a bundle of old letters to-day, and found this one, which you wrote to me before we were married, when you were young and sentimental."

"What does it say?"

"I'll read it."

"Sweet idol of my lonely heart: If thou wilt place thy hand in mine, and say, dear love, I'll be thy bride, we'll fly to sunny Italy, and 'neath soft, cerulean skies we'll bask and sing and dream of naught but love. Rich and costly paintings by old masters shall adorn the walls of the castle I'll give thee. Thy bath shall be of milk. A box at the opera shall be at thy command, and royalty shall be thy daily visitor. Sweet strains of music shall lull thee at eventide, and warbling birds shall wake thee from thy morning slumber. Dost thou accept? Say yes, and fly, oh fly, with me."

"And I flew," said Mrs. Popperman. "But if I had been as fly as I am now, I wouldn't have flown."

"Why not, dear?"

"Why not? Have you done as you promised in that letter? When we were married, did we 'fly to sunny Italy and bask 'neath soft, cerulean skies,' or did we go to Hoboken and spend two weeks fishing for eels on the edge of the wharf?"

"Well, yes."

"And how about the pictures? You know very well that every rich and costly painting in this house is a chromo from the tea store."

"Well."

"Thy bath shall be of milk." Do I bathe in milk? Do I bathe in milk, or is it like pulling teeth every morning to get ten cents out of you to buy milk for the baby?"

"Kinder."

"Royalty shall be thy daily visitor." The only daily visitors I have are the book agents and clam peddlers."

"Taint my fault."

"Sweet strains of music shall lull thee at eventide." The only chance I have to listen to sweet strains of music is when you and I go out walking at night and follow a monkey and a hand-organ around the block."

"Oh, I am so sleepy."

"I don't care if you are. Where are the warbling birds you promised me? I hear Mrs. Maginis' crowing roosters next door every morning. Perhaps they are what you meant."

"Well, never mind."

"But I will mind. 'I was to have a box at the opera.' Where is it? The only time I go to an opera is when you get bill-posters' tickets to a dime museum."

"It's too bad."

"It is really too bad. And then you said we'd talk and dream of naught but love. Since I married you we've talked and dreamt of naught but rent. Good-night, sir," and Mrs. Popperman turned out the gas and jumped into bed, leaving Mr. Popperman to bark his shins against the bureau in trying to grope to bed in the dark.—*Boston Herald.*

Lost in the Woods.

Mrs. Laura J. Reynolds and Miss Jeannette R. Kempton, of this city, recently had a thrilling adventure in the woods of the Island of Grand Manan, a large island in the Bay of Fundy, which has of late become quite a resort for artists and others who are fond of the sublime in nature. These two ladies, accompanied by Mrs. Reynolds' two children, being at Eastport, Me., concluded to make a flying visit to Grand Manan, and set out for Flagg's Cove. After spending a day at this place they started, accompanied by Mr. Louis Bagger, of Washington, on the morning of September 21, to visit Dark Harbor, the most picturesque locality on the island, and on the mountainous west shore. About three miles of the distance from Flagg's Cove to Dark Harbor the roads are good, and there was no difficulty in driving to Mr. Schofield's house, where the party expected to find a guide to conduct them to Dark Harbor. Arriving at this place, however, it was found that all the men, including the guide, had left for Northern Head, and no one could be found except an elderly woman, who advised the party not to proceed any further in the absence of a guide, as the roads were both difficult and dangerous. Having come so far, however, and fully made up their minds to see Dark Harbor before leaving, it was determined to push on through the woods without a guide, and trust to a small pocket-compass and Mr. Bagger's instincts to find the way to Dark Harbor and back. Dark Harbor was soon reached, amid the joyous shouts of the whole party.

About half-past four o'clock the party started on their return to Schofield's. Having marked the path leading from the mountain down to the cove by tying pocket-handkerchiefs and pieces of paper to the trees and bushes, there was at first no difficulty in finding the trail, and the mountain was reached and passed without any accident. Here, however, the marks of the footprints were lost. Renewed efforts were made to find the trail by which they had come, but in vain. It was agreed that the children should be kept in ignorance of the fact that the party was lost, and barring that they were a little tired, having walked for more than seven miles, with only a few hours' rest, they did as well as the grown people. The darker it grew the more evident it became that it would be utterly useless to attempt to find a trail in the dense woods amid the mountains and ravines in that part of the island. It was resolved as the best and only safe course to pursue under the circumstances, to camp over night.

The grass was too wet to permit of the starting of a fire, and, even if it had not been so, not a single match could be found. The children soon fell asleep. It was so cold that the breath froze on the pocket-handkerchiefs which had been spread over their faces. The spot which had been selected for the camp, and which was the only available place, was so close to the ravine, and the night was so dark, that it would have been dangerous to tramp around more than five yards in either direction.

All night long, at regular intervals, Miss Kempton and Mr. Bagger would cry out the well-known Alpine "hail" used by the guides in the Alps, and which can be heard for miles in the clear air of Switzerland; but no replies came, and their voices soon gave out.

At last, shortly after dawn, Miss Kempton fancied that she heard the faint report of a gun; this was followed by another and another. Again the Alpine call was sounded, this time by the entire party, and was answered by the distant barking of a dog and the firing of more guns. Nearer and nearer came the guns, and it was evident that the relief party, aided by the dogs, were on the trail. At times, however, the reports seemed to be further off, and the suspense was terrible until the reports, coming again nearer, it was evident they were again on the right track. But an hour elapsed before they came so near that their voices could be heard, although they were hallooing as hard as they could.

It was nearly five o'clock when the relief party, consisting of twelve sturdy fishermen from Northern Head, reached the camp, armed with lanterns, blankets and a jug of brandy. By this time the rescued ones had become well nigh exhausted, none of them being able to stand on their feet, but after a taste of the contents of the jug and rubbing down with blankets, the party was so far restored that they could be carried back to the starting point at Schofield's. It was then ascertained that the place where the party had spent the night was in the most deserted and dangerous part of the island, seven miles from the nearest habitation, and that, had it not been for the fortunate circumstance that one of the search party had a dog, by which the trail, which had been lost during the night was rediscovered, the chances were ten to one that the party would never have been found until relief in any shape or form would have been too late.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Fashion Items.

Newmarket jackets, both long and short, are again in high vogue.

Hoop ear-rings, set with diamonds and other jewels, are very fashionably worn.

A favorite brocaded velvet, used just now both for wraps and costumes, shows a light ground of almond or pale doe color, with large brocaded figures in dark plum, ruby and golden brown. The satin or velvet made up with this material sometimes matches the color of the ground, and is sometimes the shade of the velvet. On some of the new-patterned brocades the design is immensely large, but the best-dressed people draw the line at the medium size.

Society young ladies, with plenty of time on their hands, are just now busy painting themselves by painting small bright flowers of every description in tiny clusters upon yards and yards of white and pale-tinted satin ribbon. These ribbons they will use later to decorate their dancing toilets of cloudy India silk gauze and tulle. A dress of this kind, lately completed in this city, had over two hundred yards of painted ribbon as its trimming, to say nothing of the enormous sash draped at one side, and painted in large blush roses and foliage. The narrow ribbon was painted in moss buds set into wood mosses.

Velvet will be the rage for this and the coming season. The handsomest of the imported costumes in velvet for autumn wear are totally untrimmings save in the matter of buttons, which, to make up for this simplicity of style, are often very beautiful and very expensive. Silver is the favorite metal for these buttons—the designs copied frequently from buttons worn in the time of George I. and those worn at the court of Louis XVI. Some of these are very chaste, but are nevertheless said to be excellent imitations of the genuine article. Many of these buttons are studded with half-precious stones, and appear to great advantage upon the fronts and large pocket flaps of the Old Guard waistcoats now so fashionably worn.—*N. Y. Post.*

A Solomon Come to Judgment.

It has long been a disputed question whether women arrayed themselves in gorgeous attire for the purpose of being looked at and admired by men, or to excite the envy of other women; but a legal decision has been reached at last. A New York woman appeared before a magistrate the other day charging her dress-maker with having cheated her by putting inferior goods in her gown and not making the same in a stylish manner. The dress was produced as evidence, and the Judge promptly impaneling six reporters as a jury, directed them to examine the garment. They did so with one eye each, or six eyes in all, fixed upon the dress-maker, who was present and pretty. They decided that the dress was all right, and when the complainant protested that they were not competent, and that ladies should be called to examine it, she was sternly rebuked. "You bought the goods of a man," said that wise man, "and had it made for gentlemen to look at. They have looked at it and decided against you. The case is dismissed."—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

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New Goods, of all kinds, and I beat the State on prices. I have just received a new lot of

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Frames made to order. Looking Glasses in endless variety. Ornaments and Chromos. I will sell—Get my Prices. A full line of

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A SURE
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Beware of Imitations of our Six Step Steel Flange made in Cast Iron.

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The thickness of the metal which connects the outside box with the inside box, the toughness of this metal which forms the door frames and jacks, the close fitting of the door frame to the jamb; The position of the bolt-work on the inner flange of the door; The round corners of the safe. All other safes made in the United States have Cast Iron door frames and jacks, which metal must be made thick in order to obtain sufficient strength, thus furnishing a direct avenue for the introduction of heat to the inside of the safe, while, thick as it is, it is constantly cracking, especially when exposed to fire, owing to its well-known brittleness.

By the use of this thin steel, we have solved the problem of how to make the front of a safe as invulnerable to fire as its other walls. The unequal contraction of cast iron in cooling renders it impossible to fit the door casting to the jamb casting with closeness and regularity—a glaring evil which our system obviates. The position of the lock and bolts render it easy to keep both in order, while at the same time they are far more difficult to be tampered with when the safe is locked, and regularity—a glaring evil which our system obviates. The position of the lock and bolts render it easy to keep both in order, while at the same time they are far more difficult to be tampered with when the safe is locked, and regularity—a glaring evil which our system obviates. The position of the lock and bolts render it easy to keep both in order, while at the same time they are far more difficult to be tampered with when the safe is locked, and regularity—a glaring evil which our system obviates. The position of the lock and bolts render it easy to keep both in order, while at the same time they are far more difficult to be tampered with when the safe is locked, and regularity—a glaring evil which our system obviates.

to offer them at a price so reasonable that we think no one who has books, papers or valuables to protect should be without one.

SAFES AND VAULTS, constructed with all the latest and most approved Burglar-Proof appointments, made to order. Also Vault Doors, Iron Shutters and Jail work.

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Jan 1284

SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the circuit court for the county of Cheboygan, in favor of Franklin Kennedy, against the goods and chattels, and real estate of Joseph Tessier in said county to me directed and delivered, I did on the twenty-first day of February last, levy upon and take all the right, title and interest of the said Joseph Tessier, in and to the following described real estate, that is to say, all those certain pieces or parcels of land described as follows, to wit:

The south half of the north west quarter of the south west quarter of section nine (9) and the north half of the north west quarter of the south east quarter of section twenty-seven (27) all in township number thirty-five (35) north of range two (2) west, all of which, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to satisfy said execution with costs and expenses of sale, I shall expose for sale at public auction or vendue, to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house in Cheboygan village, in said county, (that being the place of holding the circuit court for the said county of Cheboygan) on the 5th day of May next, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

WILLIAM HARRINGTON, Sheriff.

FRANK SHEPHERD, Attorney for Kennedy.

Dated this 19th day of March, A. D. 1884.

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Unclaimed Property.

Notice is hereby given that the following named personal property, to-wit: 207, two hundred and seven cases of earthenware, consigned by C. F. Crawford, at Cleveland, O., was received by S. Baker & Son, forwarding merchants, at their dock warehouse, in the village of Cheboygan, Cheboygan county, Michigan, on the 24th day of June, 1883, and unless the said property shall be claimed within three months from the date of the first publication of this notice, March 24th, 1884, and the lawful charges thereon paid, the same will be sold according to the statute in such case made and provided.

S. BAKER & SON, Forwarding Merchants,

HUMPHREY & PERKINS, Attorneys.

Dated March 24th, 1883.

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